

Judah Betrayed:

OR,

The Egyptian Plot

Turn'd on the

ISRAELITES.

A

POEM.

(A. The Popish Plot Turn'd on y. Protestant.)

-----'Probus quis
Nobis cum Vivit? ----- Hor. sat. lib. 1. sat. 3.

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(1)

JUDAH BETRAY'D,

OR,

The EGYPTIAN Plot turn'd on the
ISRAELITES, &c.

J^{Udah} long time from toilsom War did cease, *England*
Her civil Broils were turned into Peace;
Plots are no more; Rebellion disappears
Above the space of twenty rowling years;
All people Joyning in their Kings Defence,
Do with one voice Salute their glorious Prince,
No heap'd up Piles of Discord flame and burn,
Now *Saul* is doom'd to his eternal Urn;
Cities with Flames do not Salute the Skie,
Nor *Judahs* Towns beneath their ruines lie?
Immortal Concord rules the happy day,
No Cloudy Jarrs obscure its peaceful Ray;
Sluggish we grovv, when Benefits are given,
And Thankless stand until we anger Heaven,
Never before cou'd Christian Altars boast
Of such rich Incense with so little cost;
Never before bright Truth so firm did stand,
And Piety abound in *Judahs* Land;

A 2

Pamper'd

Pamper'd with Blessings and with Mercy full
 We soon grow Impudent, Debauch'r and dull ;
 Now Heaven do's rage, and Earth must feel its Ire,
 Shook by its Bolts, Scorcht by its forked Fire ;
 Our Trophies Fade and leave us in Distress,
 Our *Temple's* turn'd into a Wilderness ;
Egyptians Plot against the Church and State,
Israel must fall by their relentless hate,
Dauid must die, and all our Rights must down,
 While Fate can scarce support the falling Crown :
 The Wretched Subjects in their blood must roul,
 And lay the Body down to save the Soul ;
 All our true Heroes from the Court must fly ,
 And Strangl'd *Amnon* must a Martyr Die ;
 While they their Faction's dark designs promote ,
 Who e're looks on shall have his Eyes put out ;
 And every Noble *Patriot* to ensnare
 They'l dive to Hell and seek Inventions there }
 While *Baul* do's thus his miscreant Plotters chear.
 Corrupt the Nobles, and enslave the Throne,
 Poison its wearrer and the day's our own ;
 Steal every heart with promises of Bliss
 And show an easy Path to Paradise ;
 With tempting Gold dazle their gazing Eyes,
 And so transform to friends your Enimies ,
 Your Imps disguis'd into their Streets convey,
 And then to fire their well built roofs betray ;

Let

Let Temples fall, while doleful passing Bells
 In Tumbling Towers ring their own Farewells,
 Then raise your Scaffolds where their Altars stood,
 Then quench their Ruines in a pool of blood :
 Snatch tender Children from their Mothers Arms,
 Without regarding all their Infant Charms,
 Rob 'em of Life, which Nature newly gave
 And then in baleful Ashes make their Grave ;
 Never regard the Wretched Virgins cry ,
 Let helpless Youths by fatal Poniards die ;
 Down with their Churches & set up your Shrines,
 Whilst on their Altars your new *Idol* Shines ;
 Be quick in Murder, in Relenting flow,
Baal will pard'ning all your hast outgo ;
 For such black deeds hee'l open Heaven set,
 And give a Paradise like *Mahomet*,
 Shall these designs go on by Treachery ?
 No, Heaven it self will the Avenger be ;
 See their Plot blasted in its teeming Bud,
 See their Intrigues by *Judah* understood ,
 'Tis Heaven, yes Heaven, has this great wonder done :
 See how the Plotters for a Pardon run :
 Some crave of *Sanhedrins* their Care and Aid,
 But others cry, we are not yet betray'd ;
 Now the bold Priests retire unto their Cells,
 And there consult their wondrous Oracles ;

What:

What overcome ? cross Fate ! it cannot be,
Rome is Infallible in her decree;
 'Tis but a trick of Fate, then let's grow bold,
 And only slip to take the faster hold ;
 'Tis but the fixing the unshaken doom
 'Of braver Acts and braver times to come ,
 Well , says the Priest, with little care and Pain,
 We will once more retrieve the Game again :
 We'l say 'gainst *David*, *Judah* do's Rebel
 And Mutiny is rais'd in *Israel*,
 We'l say they Plot against their Lawful King
 So drive good Favourites from *David's* Wing
 Tear from his Bosom his Beloved Son ,
 Heavens dearest Darling, Godlike *Absalon* ;
 Take but this prize, and what can't Fortune do ?
 Say, Votaries, is *David* King or no ?
 'Tis true he sits upon a crazy Throne ,
 Crazy, because 'tis hardly half his own,
Baal says 'tis his, by an unchang'd Decree
 He must the Universal Monarch be,
 If Plots and Stratagems will pull it down,
 Already I behold the tottering Crown,
 The Warlike *Absalon* we've banisht far,
 That Glorious Champion in great *David's* War,
 Whose ponderous sword such mighty feats has done,
 None in the Fight so stout as *David's* Son,

Yes,

Yes, Votaries, the Priests of *Apis* say
 This Heroe's now dismiss from all his Sway }
 Oh pleasing Fate! and oh thrice welcome day! }
David and 's People now at variance be,
 And both must fall by the same Destiny,
 Though *Baal* Plots on, and all his Freinds employs:
 'Tis *Israel* that *Israel* destroys;
 All his Intrigues are quite and clean forgot,
 So in a sham we lose the real Plot,
 Now *David*'s Heart is from his Subjects ta'en
 In vain are crys, *Petitions* all are vain,
 While the young Brats about the Throne do sport,
 The Charming *Delilah* commands the Court,
 Adresses, not to *David* now are brought,
 And all the Learned Counsel comes to nought,
 Are *Israelites* so mad, so void of sense
 To stab themselves and to undo their Prince?
 Will reason 'ere Posterities perswade
 That we our selves, our King, our God betray'd?
 Yes, yes, if Oaths of Perjur'd Rascals may
 Take off all such as *Apis* disobey.
 Look to the shoar, the *Geshure* Creatures Land,
 And in whole Shoals infest fair *Judahs* Strand,
 Prodigious Creatures of a monstrous Birth,
 With Souls as ugly as their Native Earth,

Protest^t
 destroys
 Protest^t

Dutchess
 Ports=
 mouth.

A tract of Land, which to that People fell
 Peculiar Gift of Charitable Hell,
 Of Souls a *Purgatory*, ten times worse
 Then all, that can be cramm'd into a Curse :
 A Land, that's *Satans* Soil, whence do arise
 His Children, *Lyars*, and their Off-spring, *lies*.
 See, how they come with Stubborn look & frown,
 Big with Untruths, and ready to lie down ;
 Empires to spoil and Cities to o'return,
 What flames a *Lyars* Rage can cause to burn ?
 A Dunghil slaves undaunted Perjury
 Usurpeth Power to make a Noble die ;
 These are the Tools by which the States-men sway
 But who're the greatest Rogues themselves or they ?
 Heither they do invite 'um to resort,
 And give 'um Pensions to observe the Court ?
 So ruin'd Kings from Pallaces do fall,
 Struck by those Creatures, that they made so Tall.

First (bashful Muse) *Achitophel* bring forth,
 Heavens, could I paint him to his greatest worth !
 Paint him with Pencils dipt in reaking Gore ,
 In sable field, black as the *Stygian* Shoar }
 Holding the Train of the *Egyptian Whore*.
 Paint him in's Clofset wracking of his Brain,
 About some Princes fall, and others Reign.

Grown

Grown mad by Envy and blown up with Hate,
 He cannot stand but on a falling State.
 He says he's Loyal, and does strut among
 The gazing troops of the admiring Throng,
 Though all men count *Egyptian Loyalty*
 As false as Church Infallibility;
 He loves not *David* cause he's Lawful King,
 But for the grateful refuge of his wing;
 Grant him but this, his Loyaltie's all one,
 Should *Satan* once usurp and mount a Throne;
 Sure soon may he from Loyalty be driven,
 That always was a Rebel against Heaven;
 What Aiery Titles then do Monarchs bear,
 Doom'd to be great and to Eternal Care?
 Like our good *David* blest with Nobler Souls
 Then Warlike Heroes Register Enrouls,
 Magnificently build a Royal Throne,
 Yet plagu'd with Favourites, that pull it down;
 From groveling Fate raise abject Slaves on high,
 Who once grown great, can't thrive, but *Kings must die*;

Drawn by Ambition on Prides Pinions rise
 Spurning the earth do tilt unto the Skies,
 Disowning even that hand that made them great,
 Do make it the sad Object of their Hate ;
Achitophel is fixt on Fortune strong,
 And only grieves that *David* lives too long ;
 He envies even his good by Destinies,
 And blames the course of the propitious Skies ;
 Curse on that Planet, whose benign Ray
 Gilds the bright Pavement of the *Milky-way*,
 And is so good, so Influential
 To the great Master of the *Milky Hall* !
 Curse on all Fates ! nay curst be all the things
 That do continue Life to gasping Kings !
 Thus does he curse and thus does Fortune blame,
 'Cause *David* Lives and spoils *Egyptian* Game;
 Knowing the Absence of his gracious Sight
 Would turn our *Goshen* to *Egyptian* night :
 Then, then might *Baal* for the Succession try,
 And Crown an Heir without a Reason why ;

And

And then *Achitophel* to keep his Fame,
In Boundless Power should be still the same.

Yet he tells *David* he may Live at ease ;
Courtiers must alwayes Sooth and strive to please :
And though he does for Politician sit,
Nature nere destyn'd him to be a Wit,
And that he should have sence, how can't to pass !

Never was Biggot yet but was an Ass. *D. York.*
Sprung like some Mushroom up, a rampant Knave
May to the uulgar seem August and Brave,
But all the men of sence will praise as soon
The base Pedantick Fop, or Court-Buffoon.

Next *Shimei* introduce into the Hall ; *Leffoyes*
Would I could roar as loud as he can bawl :
Stretching his Chaps and Brandishing his Paw,
Paint him the gaping musty MOUTH of Law ;
See how he lifts his head and looks about,
And rallies the poor *Solymean* Rout !
Unto *Jerusalem* gate he bends his way,
Prompted by hope of a Victorious day ;

Blest with the Influence of some court-like Star,
 His Message thus does to the Citts declare :
 Reverend and grave ! from Hall to Hall I'm sent,
 With a Commission boundless in Extent ;
 First with an easy Gentleness I move,
 Kind as my chastest Widows Maiden Love ;
 If you your Rights and Charters will lay down,
 And yeild the Priviledges of your Town,
 Your Ancient Customes to our surer Trust,
 Courtiers and Lawyers still you know are just.
 We'l stand by all your Fortunes and your Lives,
 And keep our usual Kindness to your Wives ;
 Into your Streets the famisht Guards shan't come
 Nor spawn their Issue in your Infants room ;
 Then here he stops: --- But if you awkward be
 And still presume to keep your Liberty,
 Know that the Angry Planets soon will frown,
 And with dire Visitations spoil your Town ;
 Know that the Ancient Rolls of *Adams* Laws
 Give us our Rights, and weaken all your Cause :

Ore

'Ore these Records like women will we prate,
 That splutter Oyster-Law at *Billings-gate*.
 All will not do ; The *Jebusites* will have
 Their Titles free from that Addition, *Slave* ;
Dauid 'tis true can be prescrib'd by none ,
 Such is the Power of a Lawful Throne ;
 But yet the peoples Right and Name of King,
 Did at the first from the same Fountain spring ;
 And proof from Kings Successions is as good
 As all the musty Rolls before the Flood.

For depth in Politicks and Statesmans Brain
 Draw *Hushai* next, attended by a Train
 Of peevish Votaries, Heart-sick with pride,
 Too numerous for an Apostate Guide ;
 The odious name of Patriot he does own
 And Prophecies the downfall of a Throne,
 Forms in his Aged fancy rob'd of Health
 The strange Idea's of a Commonwealth,
 Then gains the Profelyte dissenting *Jews*,
 And Arguments from *Liberty* does use :

So *Treason* veil'd for *Liberty* may go,
 And *Traytors* heads like *Royallists* may show.
 All *Judahs* people had united been,
 Had not he interpos'd and stept between :
Da-vid in's Subjects love had held his *Reign*
 Had not he cut the fastning bond in twain,
 And Fatal discord sown in *Sanhedrin* ,
 The much lamented hasty *Judahs* Sin.
 When either faction does produce their right
 To Succession, they tacitly do slight
 The present King, and silent reasons bring
 That he is not, or should not be a King ;
 We need not care, for Heaven nere will own
Egyptian Heir on *Israelitish* Throne,
 Or will it e're auspiciously defend
Hushai, that only strives for 's private end.
 He wheedles *Absalon* with hopes of King,
 And glistering toys of Crownes does 'fore him fling :
 Thus do's he sooth to overthrow a Crown,
 And *Absalons* the Tool to beat it down ;

And

And eaſy *Abſalon*, by Gentleneſs drawn,
 (Though he has courage parallel'd by none)
 The loſs of Crownes to come he now does dread,
 Can Heaven place 'em on a Nobler Head?
 So great a Soul as his 'twill never own
 Should rule on any thing beneath a Throne,
 Or ere ſee *Judah* plagu'd or rob'd of Health,
 By that unbounded thing a *Commonwealth*.

Here cou'd I ſing the Glorious Heroes praiſe,
 And to their Fame Immortal Trophies raiſe,
 On Fames chief Pinnacle engrave their name,
 But while the Worthy lives, do's live his Fame:
 Whoſe Swords, & Lives, & Fortunes are by doom
 Deſtyn'd to periſh in whatere ſhall come
 On Glorious *David*; or with terror ſeize
 Hells footy bands, *Egyptian* Enemies;
 Here *Abſalons* Warlike Feats wou'd I rehearſe,
 Cou'd his wide Glories be confin'd to verſe,
 Who ere paints him and paints his Glories all
 Comes not in ſight of the Original:

What

What Brave with greater prowess did appear,
 When Honour call'd him unto *David's* War ?
 With Angels brow and Heavenly hand did weild
 His Dauntless Sword, and triumph'd in the field ;
 When Towns demolisht are to ruines thrown,
 His valour is engrav'd on every Stone :
 Crown'd with success, when he did home return
 Think how the flaming piles with Joy did burn,
 Think how the Multitude to see him land
 Did with throng'd droves orespread *Judean* strand,
 Then scapt from Sword, & Fire, & hostile harms,
 Like his fair Mother, flys to *David's* arms ;
 But now behold him out of Favour thrown,
 While *David* scarce Vouchsafes his Son to own ;
 Hear the abusive Rabble speak aloud,
 Yes hear, him all reproached by the Crowd,
 Abus'd by *Egypt's* Slaves both far and near,
 That *Moors* would dread, and dusky *Indians* fear ;
 His gentle Soul can hold and nothing say,
 Can bear the name of Rebel, yet obey ;

Till

Till Heaven with indulgent brow shall smile
And stop the overflows of *Egypt's Nile*.

But are we ruin'd ? Is the day of doom
For Glorious *Israel* already come ?
What, is the Ark to *Egypt's* borders past,
And all our Temples ruinate and waste ?
Shall way to Churches ever be untrod ?
Shall *Baal* perk up, and yet Commence a God ?
No, no; though flames may purge the sluggish Oare,
The Gold refin'd Shines brighter then before ;
Think how the former *Israelites* have been
Sadly oppress'd by an *Egyptian Queen* ;
Think on our Ancestors deplored case,
When the destroying Angel here did pass,
Mounted on Cherub's Wing'd with fury rode
To slay the Victims of an angry God ;
Think how their Priests did to the flames retire,
And breath their Souls out in *Egyptian* fire,
Whose Nobler Souls in midst of Flames cou'd sing
And *Martyrs* mount unto *Jerusalem's* King,

Mary.

C

What

What, though, to peace through War you
 thrust your Soul,
 And tread the Ordeal of Persecution coal;
 Who're on Life's vast Sea does ply his Oar,
 Must look for Tempests ere he comes on Shoar;
 Then never, never of your Fate take care,
 But build your Hopes where all your Powers are:
 Let loose your towring Eagles to the Skie,
 And e're the Conquest sound a Victory,
 Though feeble Hell & Rome with Rage contend,
 Auspicious Heaven still remains your Friend.

FINIS.

